

# THIS LITTLE BOY IS HEIR TO LONDON'S BIG SLICE OF ARISTOCRATIC SECTION ♦ ♦

*Another Youthful British Peer, the Five-Year-Old Marquis of Donegall, Is Lord High Admiral of a Practically Non-existent Irish Lake, but Is Entitled to All the Honors Due a Genuine Admiral of the English Navy. A Single-Armed Launch Makes Up the "Fleet," Which He Rules From the Nursery.*

**B**Y THE sudden death of Viscount Chelsea, eldest son of Earl Cadogan, a five-year-old boy has become heir to one of the greatest of London estates. He is Howard George Humphrey John, and some day he will be the owner of a large slice of Chelsea, one of the aristocratic sections of London, and in receipt of a yearly income of not much less than \$1,000,000.

This lucky little boy succeeds also to the title of Viscount Chelsea, which is one of the minor appendages of Earl of Cadogan and worn by courtesy by his heir. When he was christened he had as sponsor not only the King but the Prince of Wales as well. Very few youngsters in Great Britain have this double distinction conferred upon him.

Besides the titles of Earl Cadogan and Viscount Chelsea, the future peer will some day be Baron Cadogan, Baron Oakley, and hereditary trustee of the British Museum. Besides his London wealth he will become the owner of Culford Hall, Bury St. Edmunds, one of the finest, if not the finest, estate in Suffolk, spreading over 10,000 beautiful acres. In the churchyard attached to the estate is buried the wife of the Marquis of Cornwallis, of American Revolutionary fame, who was a former owner.

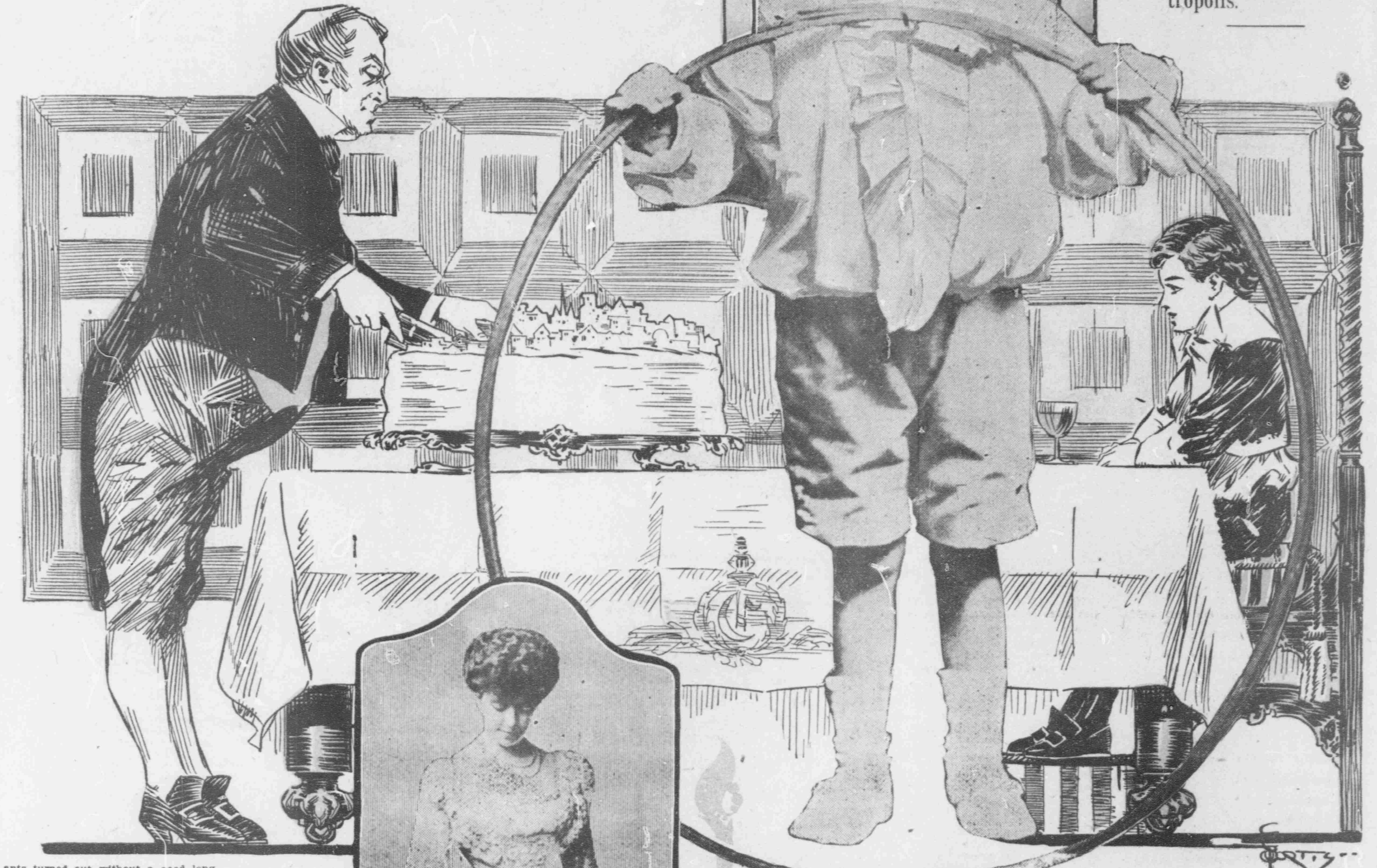
**S**HE opposed with tooth and nail her husband's acceptance of the command in the colonies, but her husband pooh-poohed her objections. The Cadogans are connected by blood with another famous and more successful military hero—the first Duke of Wellington. The present Earl Cadogan is a grandnephew and the future holder a great-grandnephew of the conqueror of Napoleon.

It is not generally known that the present Lord Cadogan might have been raised to the rank of marquis had he wished to accept the honor. The offer came from King Edward at the close of Lord Cadogan's term of office as lord lieutenant of Ireland but was refused. Despite his great wealth he lives quietly and without ostentation in Chelsea House, Cadogan Square, not far from the former home of Edna May, now Mrs. Oscar Lewisohn, who was one of his tenants.

## His Only Dissipation.

His only dissipation, so to speak, is his turnouts which are the acme of smartness. The horses are coal black, and on their heads are knots of pale blue ribbon, while the servants wear pale blue liveries. His state coach is like the conveyance of some fairy prince. The body is painted brown, polished out with pale blue. The occupants sit beneath a roof formed of polished pale blue satin. Four coronets appear on the outside top corners and the much powdered, bewigged coachman is seated on a hammer-cloth of blue velvet loaded down with gold braid and heavy tassels. Two gorgeous footmen stand on a board at the back of the carriage and complete the outfit.

The earl, who is sixty-eight years of age, is musical, a thorough sportsman, and a follower of the turf. He is an ideal landlord, and upon one occasion, a few years ago, when selling a large piece of property, sacrificed \$250,000 rather than have the ten-



Marquis of Donegall, Lord High Admiral of Irish Lake, Who Commands Single Armed Launch.

## Clever Women Who Have Made Millions

(Continued From First Page.)

States is today collecting the revenues of Santo Domingo, and applying them to the settlement of the island's debts.

Mrs. Reader has won fame and money in other fields. She financed a great copper mine in Peru, and, voyaging to London, sold the securities to hard-headed business men there, who have since, it is said, taken millions out of the mine. She has engaged in other financial ventures of great magnitude, and is a power to be reckoned with in Wall Street affairs. Her fortune is reputed to be well up in the ten millions. She married some ten years ago Athole Reader, an English civil engineer, who is associated with her in all the large business undertakings in which she is interested.

In another land and in a different field of endeavor Madame Rochette, of Paris, France, has also achieved fame and fortune. Madame Rochette is the wife of a celebrated private banker of the French metropolis. Her husband became involved in some daring but unfortunate speculations, and everything went to smash. That is it looked that way to everybody—except Madame Rochette. During the time when Monsieur Rochette conducted his great bank, and the Rochettes were rolling in wealth the mistress of the Rochette mansion was only a butterfly of fashion, the gayest of the gay and beautiful women of the salons in aristocratic Boulevard Saint Germain. But when misfortune came this brave and talented woman showed she was made of the stuff of which heroes are forged. She cast aside every pleasure, entered the wrecked bank, and in the incredibly short space of six months had brought order out of chaos. The bank was saved. M. Rochette's honor was preserved, and Madame Rochette went back to her social duties. The Rochettes are well known in London and Berlin social circles, besides being leaders in the highest circles of the society of the French capital.

Not alone in the fields of international finance banking in a European capital, but in other pursuits woman is distinguishing herself.

Down in the great State of Texas, near the Mexican border, in the vast cattle country, a woman watches an estate which belongs to her, and which she has earned practically unaided and alone. This woman cattle king is Mrs. Richard King. Her land embraces as much territory as is contained in the whole State of Massachusetts. It is a princely domain. The cattle on it cover a thousand hills. It is as large as many of the smaller German kingdoms or the Balkan States. Mrs. King's husband died many years ago, leaving her a small ranch and a few head of long-horned cattle. In the years since then this woman has spread her holdings in land until they actually cover many of the great Texas counties, and her flocks and herds are so large as to be almost countless. Her wealth is unknown, but it must be a king's fortune. Every cent of it has been earned by this woman of the plains, by her own foresight and business acumen. She lives in the center of her great estate near the Rio Grande river in a great hacienda, surrounded by hundreds of cowboys, Mexican vaqueros, and servants by the score. If she wished she could live anywhere into the world, with every luxury that could be bought with gold, but she prefers the life on the wind-swept Texan plains, where the sky is blue the year round, and the vast expanse of sun-browned prairie stretches for leagues and leagues away to the Mexican border.

The public is more familiar with the personality and history of Mrs. Hetty Green, of New York city, than any of the above mentioned women. Mrs. Green is strictly a woman of business, though lately she has been going in for social life, having recently been living in an expensive suite in one of New York's swellest hotels.

By the Death of Viscount Chelsea, Edward George Humphrey John, a Five-Year-Old Boy, Becomes the Next of Kin of Earl Cadogan, One of the Largest Ground Landlords of the English Metropolis.

Many years ago Mr. Green died and left Mrs. Green with a modest fortune. This, by her almost uncanny business ability, she has rolled up into one of the great fortunes of America. No one knows Mrs. Green's wealth, but it must be up in the millions.

She has great investments in stocks and bonds, and real estate in different cities. No one could sell Mrs. Green a gold brick. There are very few men in Wall Street who can get the better of her in any kind of a business deal. At one time Mrs. Green looked after her real estate and investments herself; but now most of the details are attended to by secretaries. Mrs. Green is a handsome woman, tall and strong. While her hair is now white, the glance from her keen gray eyes is enough to show the tremendous intellectual power she possesses. Among those who have business dealings with her the strength of mind and body she displays is a source of never failing amazement. Mrs. Green has one daughter, Sylvia, who assists her in the control of the great Green estate.

Another prominent woman financier is Mrs. Russell Sage, also of New York. While Mrs. Sage did not, like Mrs. Green or Mrs. King, herself earn the big fortune she was, still she helped her husband, Russell Sage, to make it. When he was alive, Russell Sage was known as the King of Wall Street money lenders. He always had more ready cash than anyone else in that great stock market. When he died, several years ago, he left a gigantic hoard of gold and gilt-edged securities. Even then Mrs. Sage has increased the big fortune, notwithstanding the fact that annually she gives to charity and other worthy purposes thousands and thousands of dollars.

## TIME IS RIPE.

"I think I'll revise the old song." "What old song?" "Or at least compose a sequel to be called: 'Up in a Dirigible Balloon, Boys.'"—Exchange.

Next Earl Cadogan, Who Will Own Large Part of London Some Day.

rimonial failures. There was a strong reason to urge him to a third marriage in the fact that he had no son and heir, and was very anxious to keep his brother from inheriting his title. It was in his eighty-first year that he married Miss Violet Twining, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, who presented him with a son and heir the year after his marriage, and the year before his death.

The old marquis had run through his enormous estates, and the only fortune that he bequeathed with his eight titles to his little son was the sum of \$155, which, invested at 3½ per cent, would have brought in an income of exactly \$452 a year. It was the sporting proclivities of the old marquis which brought his fortunes to this, and he was living in a very unfashionable London square, when he luckily married a lady who was well provided enough to keep the wolf very far from the door.